

DETAILS OF ST. LOUIS-RED SOX GAME

Synopsis

E

BOOM HOWARD TO LEAD INDEPENDENCE TICKET

[illegible]

BIG GERMAN SHIP WRECKED 19 FACE DEATH

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—It is reported that nineteen passengers are still aboard the wreck of the German steamer *Amelia*, which is pounding to pieces on reefs off the California coast between Santa Cruz and San Francisco.

Four tug boats have been dispatched from this city to rescue the imperilled passengers. A terrible sea is running, and these boats are being driven back and forth so violently by the waves that the tug crews are unable to scale the ship.

NO SCALER-ATWELL BOUT

SPOKANE, Wash., July 22.—(Eve K. Sealer and Abe Atwell had better keep down the gloves, Prosecuting Attorney K. W. Buchanan announced today. K. W. Buchanan had issued subpoenas for both of the officials to arrest the participants in the fight. The promoters who had called the affair off.

**LOYD'S EYEGLASSES
AND SPECTACLES**

Please remember that both
of our stores are closed—
Saturdays at one o'clock
Other days at five o'clock

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\$30 SEWING MACHINE \$16⁷⁵
EASY TERMS

ORRINE Cures the Liqueur Habit

FREE MONTH'S COUPON.
This coupon entitles the bearer to one month's

19 FACE DEATH

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—It is reported that nineteen passengers are still aboard the wreck of the German steamer Anubis, which is pounding to pieces on

Four tugs have been dispatched from this city to rescue the imperilled passengers. A terrible sea is running, and there is grave danger that the wreck will go directly to pieces before the tug arrives.

NO SCALER-ATWELL BOUT
SPOKANE, Wash., July 22.—Before K. Scaler and Abe Atwell had even time to don the gloves, Prosecuting Attorney R. S. Harbath announced that forty warring

had been issued and placed in the hands of the officials to arrest the participants in the contest. The promoters quickly called the affair off.

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WRITE FOR PARTICULARS
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Or money will be refunded. Simple home treatment; no publicity. Can be given secretly if desired. The Riker-Jaynes Drug Stores.

FREE MONTH'S COUPON.
This coupon entitles the bearer to one month's treatment, including all necessary medicines during a course, FREE, if presented to the ORMO-CHROMIC Parviziade, 18 Harrison street, on or before July 31st, 1908, any day.

(Record necessary). Office hours 9 to 12
a. m., 2 to 4 and 6 to 8 p. m. Anytown.

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD—

—after you and your old pal had made some glorious and high-sounding announcements, for the purpose of catching votes—

Diary of a
Polc-Chaser

By Wex Jones

6 Thousand tons of grub on foot. Four planes that you can play by yourself on a button will be great amusement for crew during long Winter nights. Got out of checkers and lot of footballs also help to keep them in good spirits.

Loud cheers from three spectators as we sailed to-day. Much touched at such enthusiasm. Five hundred editorials in inland papers congratulating the "Modern Vikings" on their "quest for the geographical grail," whatever that is. Country evidently all wrought up over expedition.

Glad to be getting away from the heat. Life on shipboard is the candy heaven, especially for such a bunch of good fellows. Every one aboard is a prince.

Feeling fine this morning. Some of the bunch aboard the Boatstave are the finest chaps I ever saw. Goodness knows where they got the booze from.

Weather growing very cold; little bit too much so, in fact.

Ran into large iceberg in fog. Everybody tumbled into the water but McSmith and Swenson. They were playing checkers in the cabin and when I yelled in, "Ship's going down!" all I heard was, "Your move, Mac."

When we came back—ship didn't sink—Mac was saying that he'd didn't make the right move for him. Where did they get the bunch of chumps from aboard here?

Saw a large shark to-day about 5:30 feet above water. Brown said it was 100 feet. I told him he was a fool and he said I was the fool. Captain said he'd put both in franks.

Never saw such fools as Brown and the captain.

Very cold now. McSmith and Swenson cross to the checker board and each is shouting at the other. The Board is covered all ready with words of raised contour. Brown's foot has frozen to one of the untried chumps and we hear nothing but "I'm afraid to Go Home in the Dark." At the six-month night, he set in he must be in for a long stay.

Greene was going to turn in a little while ago and he said to the captain, "See you in the morning." Morning after 1 month 22 days and the captain got very mad and fired Greene. At the six-month night, he set in he must be in for a long stay.

Got out sleds for final dash to Pole. I got away first and led all the way. Unfortunately, just as I reached the Pole the sled dogs started a rabbit. The rabbit kept running around and around the Pole until at length my traces got wrapped around it and made me a prisoner.

I am writing this on a piece of tea. The finder kindly hurry to the Pole with a pair of scissors and cut me loose!



2—if the two old friends upon whom you had always depended for support should take a notion to make an announcement as above! Wouldn't it FLABERGAST you and your old pal?

THE HALL-ROOM BOYS

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The True Note of Culture

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1908, by American-Journal-Examiner

"WHAT constitutes a cultivated personality?" asked one reader of the BOSTON AMERICAN; and another: "What is it that uplifts character and insures conduct?" The answer to both questions can be found in the advice Buddha gave his pupils 500 years before Christ was born: "Do nothing to another that you would not have done to you," and by Christ's inspired position of the motto: "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you." There is no higher phase of culture, and there is nothing but beautiful conduct and character like the practical and perpetual use of the Golden Rule in daily life. The majority of people regard the teaching of the Ten Commandments as a literal fulfillment of that rule's obligations, but one who comprehends its entire meaning realizes that it applies to every trivial act of daily life and necessitates culture as well as morality. The loud, jarring voice, the uncontrolled temper, the neglect of bodily cleanliness and disregard of dress—all these things break the Golden Rule, because they are not what we would wish others to do; therefore we have no right to do them. A "cultivated personality" includes clearness, neatness, a certain comeliness, a certain conformity to the customs of the day, or of art, in dress; a well-modulated voice, an attentive manner in listening, an alertness, a certain rectitude and easy carriage and walk, and a pleasant, agreeable expression of countenance. The haughty, disdainful and cold demeanor is incompatible with culture. Only the vulgarian, with an outward veneer of politeness, "puts on airs." The really cultured, like the really great souls of earth, are always affable and simple and natural. That quality which most uplifts and beautifies character is consideration of others and observance of one's own highest instincts. The man who is considerate of his fellow men pays his debts promptly, and is not afraid to "let his neighbor in a bargain, don't haggle over trifles, and is not afraid of other's criticism and religious ideas. He is kind and affectionate to his family, appreciative of his wife and children, and patient and thoughtful with those in his employ. All these homely virtues "unfit and beautiful" character, and without them the most heroic and brilliant deeds cannot make an admirable human being. The woman who wishes to possess a "cultivated personality" and a beautiful character must keep her engagements, pay her social and financial obligations, shun coarseness and harsh criticism, suit her dress and her amusements to her income, keep her home orderly and attractive and herself a pleasure to the eye, ear and heart. The path to character building is a long one; there is no short cut. It requires continual watchfulness, and constant self-control, to travel that path. But it is a way which grows more beautiful, and the world grows more materialistic and less refined each year as we advance when the goal of a beautiful character is our aim.

The Children of the Mills

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

II, the silence of the children is the sunny booth to-day. It is sadder than the cry of fettered slaves. Lena and listen, and you will hear the roaring of the mill! And the sighing of the winds through open graves; But the voices of the children—day are the mill! Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill! They no longer shout and gambol in the blossom-laden fields, and their laughter does not echo down the street. They have gone across the hills, they are working in the mills. Oh, the tired little hands and aching feet. And the dreary, weary life that starts and kills! Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill! All the pleasures known to childhood are but tales of Fairyland. They are then as singing birds and running streams. For the rumble of the mill seems an echo of the mill, and they see but flying clouds and their feet dream: Life is one, in summer's heat or winter's chill, Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill! In this blasted land of sin and sorrow they are bonded baby slaves, and the busy world goes by and does not heed. They are driven to the mill just to glut and overfill the burning coffers of the Parents of Greed and Lust. When they perish—they are told it is "God's will." Still from valley, plain and hamlet lofty steeples proudly rise, And the doleful voices of the people of the mill. Lakes of fire and fields of glory for their sins, And they pray beside the graves the children fill. Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill!



Mothers, Keep Flies
Away from Your
Babies

A Fly is a Worse Enemy Than a
Wolf—More Dangerous
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Dr. Jackson, of New York City, renders a public service in calling attention—as other scientists have done—to the mortality among children caused by the fly's disease-carrying habits.

The feet of the fly are spongy germ carriers. They are tiny, to our coarse eyes, but they can bring to the child and deposit on its food or its body the germs of all dangerous diseases.

Flies light naturally wherever filth gathers, wherever disease is. Every mother knows how eagerly flies will go to a sick child rather than to a healthy child.

If they fly from one sick child to yours they bring the disease to your child. If they fly from muckheaps—their favorite resort—they bring the germs of typhoid and other diseases.

Mothers should fight flies constantly to-day, as the men urged by mothers fought wolves in the olden times. Tens of thousands of children are killed by these despised little winged enemies.

Fly paper should be everywhere; it is not expensive. Men should use their brains in inventing better fly killers than we now have. Windows should be screened to protect children. The city itself might well afford to distribute fly paper to all that need it. Of course, that would cause a howl of "Anarchy" and "Paternalism!" It is all right to give automobiles at the city's expense to Mayors for their amusement, but all wrong to fight diseases of children. Nevertheless, we advocate the particular kind of paternalism that would kill the flies and save the babies.

Mothers, remember that flies on your children should all you with just as much anxiety as a snake crawling toward the child's bed.

Here's a Charm-
ingly Excited
Gentleman

W. L. Richardson Is His Name,
Sheephead Bay His Home
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the tearful sympathy of readers. Two sentences will do. The excited writer wonders why the editor of this newspaper opposes the public gambling that offends the Constitution, and asks:

"Is it because he champions the stand of the low forehead, narrow-minded religious bigots, who pose in the pulpits on Sunday more and presume to elude date the Holy Bible to people more intelligent than themselves, the white hurling damnation upon all who differ from them?"

With eyes turned up and tears, presumably, running down his cheeks, the gentleman cries:

"Oh, when will there be an end to this sophistry? When will the people awaken to their perjury and stop buying their shoes?"

The answer to the last question is, there won't be ANY end to our sophistry, if it is IS sophistry. As to just when the racing officials will kick our "malicious representatives off their courses," we don't know. We are inclined to think, however, that the racing officials are a little too busy with the Grand Jury and the Pinkertons and injunctions and dying aunts generally to do much serious kicking for a while.

As to the first sentence quoted from this letter, in which the writer expresses his contempt for oligarchy and their efforts to better conditions, that doesn't need any answer. We print it merely to show the mental attitude of the gambling enthusiast.

The vile blacklegs, touts, criminals and law-defying Jockey Club gentlemen seem to Mr. Richardson angels of light. And honest men in the churches, fighting to protect the homes, seem to that friend of the race tracks narrow-minded, religious bigots, with low foreheads, hurling damnation.

The fight against public betting in New York is OVER. The corpse is giving a few farewell kicks, like a rooster with its head cut off. It will be buried decently in the Fall. If it needed any more killing, the letter from earnest, tearful, hysterical Mr. Richardson, of Sheephead Bay, would help to do the work.

Heroes in
the Making

Chicago. It is this spirit in the boy that makes the man. It is of this material that victorious armies are made, and the training of each boy, a cog in the big wheel, doing his best, is a lesson in the life of a nation.

Some time in the history of the future, as in the past, there will be a risk to run, a dispatch to be carried, a river to be crossed, that will call for a sacrifice. Perhaps one of the boys of to-day in the relay race will be the man of the future to volunteer.

The American boy has done these things, and the American commander is the man to send him to do them. General Sumner, "Old Bull of the Woods," as he was termed by his men, had cause to believe he was offering a human sacrifice upon the altar of duty when once called upon to send a dispatch across a river in the face of a heavy Confederate fire. Among the volunteers were his two sons, both now retired general and killed them goodby. They delivered the messages. "It got my sons, whose then?" the old Spartan is said to have replied when asked why he sent them. "They were brought up that way."

The boys who made the sprint to Chicago, each trying to do his bit a trifle better than the others, are being brought up that same way.